

THE ACADEMY

AND

LITERATURE

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This Number contains the following Special Articles :

ENGLAND'S SUBJECTION TO GERMANY: (Fourth Instalment):

GENERAL VON BERNHARDI'S LATEST.

(Specially Translated and hitherto unpublished.)

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Extracts from Regulations adopted by the Hague Conference 1907 and subscribed to by Germany

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THE ACADEMY

contained:—

OCTOBER 3rd:

An Open Letter to the Rt. Hon.

WINSTON SPENCER CHURCHILL, M.P.

OCTOBER 10th:

An Open Letter to

F.-M. EARL ROBERTS, K.G., V.C.

Special Article:

THE WORLD'S DEADLY NIGHTSHADE.

OCTOBER 17th:

An Open Letter to KING ALBERT.

Special Article:

GERMANY'S WORLD-WARNING,

By BERNHARDI (Specially Translated).

OCTOBER 24th:

MORE UNPUBLISHED BERNHARDI.

An Open Letter to

ADMIRAL LORD CHARLES BERESFORD.

Special Article:

HUMOUR IN THE TRENCHES.

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Notes of the Week

By Land and Sea

ALL goes well at the front. Some of the work done—by the London Scottish for instance in their baptism of fire—is properly described by Sir John French as glorious. In desperate encounters the British and Belgians have either steadily driven the enemy back or made his position so uncomfortable that immediate retirement seems inevitable. By opening the flood-gates on the Yser, the Belgians have converted one part of the ground held by the Germans into a lake several feet deep. The enemy are thus being met with fire and flood, and even their admitted losses are appalling. Yet they continue to pour men up to the firing line. Several determined attempts to break through the Allies at Ypres and elsewhere have met with no success. The Russians still have the Germans on the run, and the efforts of the Germans to get through to Calais and to provide forces capable of stemming the Russian advance must be of the most harassing description. Turkey has this week made a half-hearted move towards joining in the fray; an attack on Odessa appears to have been unauthorised or premature. The result in any case is the same. Russia will proceed to exact retribution, and the British fleet have already bombarded the Dardanelles and Akaba forts. In THE ACADEMY of September 12, Mr. Aflalo asked: “Will Turkey commit suicide?” The answer is now in the affirmative. Turkey and Germany hope to start a religious war. Egypt and India are proof against their machinations, and the hope is as surely doomed to disappointment as the attempt to capture South Africa, where the rebels are having a bad time. At sea, the shameful manner in which the neutral flag has been abused for the purpose of laying mines has compelled the British Admiralty to close the North Sea, except under severe regulations.

Civilisation and Invasion

Mr. H. G. Wells, in a vigorous letter on the possibility of invasion, deals with the civilian's place in home warfare. This is a people's war, he says; not a war for the greater glory of diplomatists, officials,

and others in uniforms. Whether the people have been trained and are allowed to use uniforms or not, he is convinced they will fight wherever they find a German: “If we cannot fight according to the Rules of War apparently made by Germans for the restraint of British military experts, we will fight according to our inner light.” There should be no difficulty about the regulating of the forces which are prepared to meet the Germans in the unlikely event of their effecting a landing. Uniforms and training for men who are not deemed fit for service abroad should be provided at once, an dMr. Wells, we gather, will be one of the first to place his strong manhood and brain at the call of his country.

Lions All

“Tell the women that proud as I am to have such soldiers under my command, they should be prouder still to be near and dear relatives of such men.” Such is the moving message sent by General Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien through Lady Dorrien to the women of Great Britain. Germany has hurled her best on the positions occupied by the British. Praise of the British does not cast any sort of reflection on their Allies, of course: Belgians, French, Russians have shown a devotion than which nothing could be more admirable. It has to be remembered that the Germans have been almost prepared to give up advantages elsewhere in order to smash the English, and the Kaiser is reported this week to have been present in person whilst the Bavarians attempted the task. Great Britain's “contemptible little army” has made victory impossible for Germany, and no sacrifice would be too great if England could be humiliated. Her futile contempt has found its latest expression in a description of the representatives of the Empire who are in the firing line as “a menagerie.” Germany should by this time have realised that the menagerie is one of lions—lions from India, from Canada, from Australia—with the grand old British lion at their head.

The Irish and the War

Mr. Darrell Figgis has done Ireland a very bad turn by writing a letter to the *Irish Times* which suggests that Irish regiments are being placed in the forefront of the firing line in order to spare English regiments. He has made the great discovery that there is a shortage of men in England, and its manhood must be preserved in the interests of posterity. If we know anything of Irish regiments, to be placed in the forefront wherever there is fighting to be done is precisely what they always seek. The wildest Irish imagination, the bitterest enemy of England, could hardly hope to evolve a more mischievous and sinister thought than that of which Mr. Figgis is doubtless the proud author. He has clearly either not studied the ever lengthening roll of honour, or he has deliberately shut his eyes to all losses save the Irish. The authorities, in our opinion, ought to deal with Mr. Figgis: whilst innuendo of this sort is flying around, voiced by one who has a fatal facility with the pen, goodwill between Ireland and England is hopeless.

Germany's World-Warning GENERAL VON BERNHARDI'S LATEST.

TRANSLATED BY J. ELLIS BARKER.

IV.

ENGLAND'S SUBJECTION.

The English fleet must certainly be considered to be an extremely powerful opponent. It has to preserve the glory of a great past, and its training is founded upon century-old experience. However, it has its defects. Already now it is very difficult to find the necessary men, and especially the technical ratings. Hence a limit has been set to its enlargement, unless general and compulsory service should be introduced. Besides, the German artillery is at least equal, and probably superior, to the English, and the same is the case with regard to the torpedo arm. Besides, the latest English ships have not come up to expectations, and some have shown grave defects. This applies particularly to the ships "Orion" and "Lion." But also the first Dreadnoughts are defective.

RISINGS MAY BE PRODUCED IN THE COLONIES.

England will find it extremely difficult to obtain a decisive victory over Germany on the sea. On the other hand, it might be impossible for Germany to compel England, by force of arms, to make peace. Peace could only be obtained by our securing a crushing and destructive victory over England's Allies, particularly over France. Besides, England would probably be inclined to make peace if in the course of the War risings and revolts were to take place in her Colonies, which would threaten England's position throughout the world. It may be considered a fact that in India, in Egypt, and in South Africa, there exists sufficient inflammable material.

THE UNITED STATES AND TURKEY MIGHT ATTACK GREAT BRITAIN.

The United States are politically independent. However, there are conflicting interests between them and England. The United States are England's most dangerous competitor in commerce, especially in Eastern Asia, and the United States are not willing to bear England's naval supremacy. Canada also is a point of friction between the two countries. On the other hand, no important differences divide Germany and the United States. Of course, a peaceful division of the world between England and the United States is thinkable. However, there are at present no indications pointing that way. On the contrary, the enormous increase in power which would accrue to England, should she defeat Germany, would be opposed to America's interests. It follows that co-operation of the United States and Germany is in the interest of both States.

Germany's relations with Turkey and Roumania are of particular importance to us. Both States are apt to form a counterpoise against Russia. Besides, Turkey is the only State that is able to threaten seriously England's position on land, for she can strike at the Suez Canal, and thus cut through one of the vital nerves of the British Empire. The continued existence of a powerful Turkey is of the greatest importance to Germany also, because in case of war, the route through Turkey would probably be the only one over which we could freely draw food, and the raw materials required by our industries. In the North, the sea would be closed to us by England, and in the Mediterranean through England and France. Therefore, we must never tolerate European Turkey falling under Russian—which means hostile—influence. This would presumably be the case if the Balkan States should expand to the Ægean. It follows, furthermore, that the military power of Turkey must remain undiminished if that State

is to be of any real use to Germany. An enfeebled Turkey would not be able to oppose successfully the Slavonic influences in the Balkan Peninsula, and to keep herself free from Russian and English influence. . .

If the Turks are defeated, if Roumania is made powerless before the great European War has broken out, the position of the Triple Alliance will be greatly weakened. Such weakening might be of decisive importance for the issue of war, especially if Turkey and Roumania should join our opponents. It would be a dangerous illusion to believe that paper guarantees will preserve Turkey in its present limit, even if such guarantees are signed by all the Great Powers.

ENGLAND IS INTERESTED IN AN EARLY WAR.

Only England is interested in bringing about at an early date a general war which will include a war between England and Germany. In the first place, England finds it from day to day more difficult to man her rapidly increasing fleet. Before long, she should have arrived at the limit of her capacity for manning her ships. In the second place, the Baltic and North Sea Canal is approaching completion, which will give a very important military advantage to Germany. Besides, the German Navy is increasing from year to year. Hence, it is obvious that the position is gradually changing to England's disadvantage. In the Mediterranean an important increase of the Austrian and Italian fleet is impending. All these circumstances make it obviously desirable for Great Britain that a war should break out as soon as possible, and she must do all in her power to receive in such an undertaking the support of France and Russia.

A FORECAST WHICH CAME TRUE.

If Austria and Russia should come to blows, Germany cannot act as a spectator, for her Ally, having to oppose superior forces, may be defeated. We must immediately come to Austria's help, even if such a step would lead to a European war, for such a war is, after all, unavoidable.

An Open Letter to H.S.H. Prince Louis of Battenberg

SIR,—In this hour of family bereavement and personal self-sacrifice you will hardly need assurance that you have the sympathy of all right-thinking Britons. The manner in which your name has been associated with doubts as to loyalty in high places may be held to reflect little credit either on our common sense or our good nature. Britain owes you much, and there is no man capable of taking an intelligent interest in the Sea Service who would not laud your work. Your resignation in response to sinister clamour involves serious loss to the British Navy. On all hands it is said that what that Navy is at this moment is chiefly due to your successor, Lord Fisher—a typical sea-dog, a resourceful organiser, an energetic administrator; we all know Lord Fisher, and the sharp controversies which he provoked do not admit of much hesitation in affirming that he was probably right whilst his critics were wrong. But when we are told that he is merely coming back to office to control the machine he brought to efficiency, we ask: What have you been doing? We find the reply in Mr. Winston Churchill's letter to you of October 29: "The

Navy to-day and still more the Navy of to-morrow bears the imprint of your work. . . . The first step which secured the timely concentration of the Fleet was taken by you." Does the world need any more conclusive evidence of Britain's debt to you than is contained in those simple and straightforward words? One is reminded of the story of Dettingen told by Horace Walpole, in which occurs the query, "Et que donne-t'on au général en chef qui a gagné la victoire?" the answer being "Son congé." The "Navy of to-morrow" will be controlled by other hands than yours; the things it will achieve—and that it will achieve things we are all confident—will bring glory and gratitude to the gallant fellows who man it and the enterprising spirits at home who are ultimately responsible for whatever it may do. But those of us who have not short memories will not fail to give credit where credit is due.

Having said so much, let me then assure your Serene Highness that in my humble judgment nothing in your great career has more become you than your resignation of the high office of First Sea Lord. That career has been as surely of your own making as the career of any Admiral who ever started life as a powder-monkey was of his own making. You might have been a crowned monarch; you preferred to command a British battleship. That is the answer to cavil. For the sake of our British peace of mind you have now surrendered a position which you cherished as readily as you have given of your own flesh and blood to fight, and if need be die, for Great Britain. What is in a name? Shakespeare was clearly wrong when he said that a rose by any other name would smell as sweet. If a third of a century ago you had eliminated the Battenberg from your patronymic and called yourself Prince Neptune or something of the sort, we should not now have driven you out of the sphere of usefulness from which some of us may think that you can ill be spared.

Another consideration stamps this unfortunate and humiliating affair as wholly British. The idea that there should be one law for the rich and another for the poor—as there too frequently is even in these democratic days—is revolting to British sentiment. The pains and penalties exacted of the lowly must be paid by their betters. We have made a dead set against all who bear German names or were of German parentage. One who is naturalised, but a hundred times more German, though assuredly not less loyal, than you are, said to me, the other day, that certainly everybody with German antecedents ought, in his opinion, to be rounded up at this time. Better put a thousand good men to inconvenience than run risks at the hands of a single traitor, was his view. So think a very large number of Britons—and why? Be critical as we may of the indiscriminate fears of the average British citizen to-day, who is to blame? Not the alien-hating agitator, but the Kaiser, his generals, his philosophers, who by word and deed have set a terrorist hallmark on all who are not Germans. If Germany had played the game, there would have

been a straight fight, but none of this hounding of Germans with whom we have lived and worked amicably for so long. When German barbarism succeeds in costing the service of Britain the loss of men like yourself, its exponents and practitioners may well consider that it has justified itself. The Kaiser in his letter to Lord Tweedmouth some years ago denied that "he wished for the downfall of Lord Fisher." He will doubtless rejoice over your downfall. Of one thing I am sure: you have been driven from office, but your experience and your judgment will be at the disposal of the Admiralty should occasion demand.

The step you have been constrained to take at the very moment when you might best serve the Navy you love so well is peculiarly hard, but your chivalry and large-heartedness in this hour of trial are happily beyond question. When peace shall once more put things in their true perspective, the British people as a whole will be better able to recognise merits which are not obscure to him who begs to subscribe himself

Your Serene Highness's humble and dutiful

CARNEADES, JUNIOR.

Was Germany Responsible?

THE CONGO ATROCITIES AND THE SARAJEVO TRAGEDY

OFFICIAL documents have made many things clear to the popular mind which otherwise would have been wholly misunderstood. The revelations of Bernhardt and his communicative kind, together with diplomatic papers recently published, have established the guilt of Germany beyond possibility of question. Germany provoked at her own time a war for which she had been assiduously preparing for years. Some things, however, do not appear which it might be worth while to investigate. Germany's utter duplicity in diplomacy, her amazing disregard for the most elementary forms of honour, her ruthless methods in dealing with innocent and helpless people, and her shameful acts of spoliation, show that she would not hesitate to take any steps necessary to the accomplishment of her ambitious purpose. A few months ago nothing would have induced me to put on paper the suspicions which have taken possession not of my mind alone. To-day Germany stands revealed to the world for what she is, and there is no reason why she should be spared, especially when circumstantial evidence is against her.

Who was responsible for the atrocity campaign against the Belgians on the Congo? Whose was the unseen hand which instigated the murder of the Archduke Francis Ferdinand? Great Britain officially investigated the Congo atrocities, and there was much in connection with them to suggest that Belgium was convicted on evidence that, to put it mildly, was not altogether genuine. How did it happen that the Belgians, who may not be saints, but certainly are not brute beasts, were such blood-sucking taskmasters and

tyrants on the Congo? The question has been asked before: Who financed the campaign against them? We may, perhaps, some day find the clue not very far from the offices of the German Secret Service in Berlin. No reader of the Bernhardt chapter which appeared in THE ACADEMY three weeks ago can doubt that Germany was determined to have the Belgian Congo. Great Britain defeated any such design by an inquiry the result of which was probably as displeasing to Germany as to Belgium. To-day Germany has undoubtedly committed horrors in Belgium greater than any of which the Belgians were found guilty on the Congo. It would be interesting, to say the least, to know how far Germany was concerned in that crusade against red rubber. Her object was either to provide an excuse for intervention very different in character from the British, or to involve Belgium with Great Britain in order that she might pose as Belgium's real friend, which for a while the Belgians undoubtedly believed her to be.

With much the same subtlety of action and murderous Machiavellism of design she encouraged Austria and the Austrian Emperor's heir-apparent to take a line in South-Eastern Europe from which trouble must issue. Her Secret Service would know how to manage the business. The Archduke was murdered on June 28. Why was it that for some time before the world was shocked by the tragedy Germans in England, one after the other, discovered that affairs at home demanded their immediate return? I know of several cases where men who came over in the middle or third week of June, with the intention of staying some weeks in connection with a particular function, disappeared without even the ceremony of saying "Good-bye." They were, of course, summoned to take their place in the army: that is now perfectly obvious. Germany was arming for the war long before the Austrian Emperor sent his impossible ultimatum to Servia. When we, who were in close touch with many Germans in England at the end of June, look back upon the exodus which took place on the very morrow of the murder, we cannot but feel that there was a vast deal more behind it all than has yet been brought to the light of day. Whether material for an indictment of Germany in these two cases will ever be available, we cannot say, but we do say that both are worth patient inquiry if we would fully understand the methods by which militarism-cum-kultur has prepared for the war that should give Germany mastery of a wicked and decadent world.

A. W.

An exhibition of arts and handicrafts is being held by the *Englishwoman* at the Maddox Street Galleries, 23a, Maddox Street, Regent Street, W., from Wednesday, November 4, to Saturday, November 14, 11 a.m. to 6 p.m. The exhibition will be under the direct patronage of the Duchess of Marlborough and many other well-known ladies.

Balloons in Warfare

WHEN the hosts of the degenerate European monarchies were attacking the frontiers of France, only to be hurled back by the *élan* of the irrepressible *sansculottes*, the French Committee of Public Safety came to a momentous decision. Upon the favourable report of several scientists, it adopted the suggestion of Guyton de Morveau — a distinguished lawyer who had made several aerostatic experiments—that balloons should be employed with the armies as a means of observation. So the man of law and science, and an aeronaut named Coutelle, who was gazetted Brevet-Captain commanding the Aerostatic Corps, were charged in 1793 with superintending a Military Aerostatic Institute formed from the students of the Polytechnic School.

It was established at Meudon with the utmost secrecy, so that the Powers opposed to the French should not avail themselves of the novel idea until the projectors had already used it in an effective manner. Stronger and better-made balloons than hitherto were constructed, and one was sent to each of the Republican armies. The fighting then was very much over the same area as it is to-day. The "Entreprenant" was attached to the army of the North; the "Céleste" to that of the Sambre and Meuse, and the "Hercule" to that of the Rhine and Moselle.

These balloons were captive ones; small flags of different colours were used as signals by the occupants of the car to inform those below, at the ropes, when to let the balloon rise, when to lower it, or shift its position. They transmitted information as to the enemy's armaments, movements, etc., in notes attached to loaded darts, dropped within their own lines.

In the spring of 1794, Guyton de Morveau being then in the Low Countries, Coutelle was dispatched to General Jourdan at Beaumont to propose the employment of a balloon in connection with the operations of the Army of the North, which he commanded. On arriving, Coutelle was received by Duquesnez, the Commissioner of the Convention, whose singular and dread duty it was to "see that soldiers went into battle, and to force the generals to conquer under menace of the guillotine." Duquesnez, who knew nothing of the recent order of the Committee of Public Safety, and who probably looked upon balloons as mere playthings, was at dinner when Coutelle presented himself and explained his mission.

"A balloon! a balloon in the camp!" he exclaimed. "You look to me very like a suspect, and I shall begin by having you shot."

After a while, however, fortunately for Coutelle, he cooled down and sent him to General Jourdan, who received the proposal more favourably; the commander indeed was only too glad to avail himself of the unexpected assistance, thereby, perhaps, saving his own head. He pointed out that the enemy was within a

league of Mauberge, only 18 miles away, which place he might attack at any moment, and urged that there was no time to lose. A balloon was thereupon promptly transported to Maubeuge, and in spite of the fire it attracted from a 17-pounder, rendered considerable assistance to the defence during several days.

Coutelle was next ordered to join the troops before Charleroi, and the observations taken from his balloon contributed in no small degree to the capture of that fortress and the subsequent total defeat of 100,000 Austrians, under the Prince of Coburg, on the plains of Fleurus, June 26, 1794. As Carlyle has humorously observed, the Austrian cannon barked at the balloon, "harmless as dog at the moon."

Military balloons were further used at Liège, on September 18, 1794, when the French again defeated the Austrians; at the sieges of Mainz, 1795-96; and against the fortress of Ehrenbreitstein, opposite Coblenz, on the Rhine, when an aerostat was found of great utility owing to the high and inaccessible position of the stronghold. The one employed on this occasion was riddled by bullets a little later on near Frankfort. In spite of the successes it had achieved, however, the Aerostatic Institute at Meudon was abandoned under the Consulate, and military ballooning ceased for a considerable time. Years afterwards it was revived more or less spasmodically—in the American War of Secession, and again in the Franco-Prussian War of 1870-71. It was then that a young Englishman, a volunteer private in the Côtes-du-Nord Mobile Guards, attached to General Chanzy's Army of the Loire, assisted a French officer in some military balloon ascents for the purpose of taking topographical and other observations. He was Horatio Herbert, to-day Field-Marshal Earl Kitchener of Khartoum. Peculiarly interesting to him must be the reports of Sir John French as to the achievements of the British Royal Flying Corps, a subject dealt with by Mr. Grahame-White in the October *Fortnightly*. Though Mr. Grahame-White glances back to Wellington's time, he makes no reference to the work of balloons as scouts. The Zeppelin and the aeroplane mark one great difference between the Napoleonic time and the present. We have left the balloon far behind, but Mr. Grahame-White says that the war has come too soon for aircraft in one respect. They have done invaluable work as scouts, but their utility as fighting machines has yet to come. That the day will come, when the effect will be material as well as moral, he seems to have little doubt.

The Wishbone

ONE of the most fascinating things in life is occasionally to take time and think on the significance of little actions, to remember them as links in the great chain of humanity that stretches back and back into dim ages and brings us into touch with the beginnings of things when we like to believe that the world was fresh and beautiful, and untainted by the vile necessity for making money or waging war. In certain families certain formalities are religiously observed, the division of the wishbone, the rites consequent on the upset of the salt-cellar, the correct procedure to observe on walking beneath a ladder. All these are punctiliously carried out, but their real significance has usually become obscured by the mists of time. How many realise that they carry us right back to the days of familiar gods, of spiritual powers to be propitiated and sacrificed to—the time when men lived very close to the heart of things, when the veil of Nature was so thin that in places it seemed possible to rend it and see beyond into the regions of the supernatural? The tendency of civilisation has always been to build a fence round mankind. The savage or the member of the early races is obsessed by the sense of his defencelessness—of being set solitary in the midst of a waste controlled by invisible forces infinitely stronger than himself, against which his only chance was by any means to win their goodwill. Communal life, cities, families, all tended to deaden this sense of oppression. Daring experiments resulted in his partial control of the very forces that had seemed to threaten him most. Men learned both to evoke fire and to destroy it, to chain the power of water or the electrical fluid in the air, to look upon these things as servants instead of worshipping them as gods. In time this sense of mastery led to the inevitable contempt born of familiarity, and doubts crept in that there might be nothing beyond what could be seen or at all events realised. Forces were tabulated, docketed, measured, put into classes and categories of various degrees of usefulness; their personality and majesty and the awe they formerly bred were lost in blue books and primers and treatises. This was the downfall of what we know as superstition. Why should a man who lived in a city and turned the flood into pipes and taps fear drowning or destruction of his property, and sacrifice to the god of the flood tide? Why should a man who was guarded by police and received the news of the world by wire and cable enquire of an oracle who

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sometimes refused to answer as to the success of his business undertaking? Only in the countries and districts where imagination held a more important part than dry fact did belief in omens and supernatural portents linger. The people of Devon until recent years consulted the White Witch, the girls of the Green Isle of Erin still visit the wishing wells and keep up the glamour of hallowe'en, the man of the town or city from instinct still avoids a ladder, or throws the salt over his shoulder, or uncrosses the knives with no clear insight into the reason for so doing. Why is it, then, that recently we have had a recrudescence of fortune-tellers' stories of prophecies made 600 years ago, and now fulfilled, of horoscopes and palmistry, and omens of every description? Is it not that once more the defences of civilisation are crumbling, that the wall man has built up all round himself has proved to be as flimsy as the materials of poets' dreams, that once more he has come face to face with primitive powers and realised himself to be the pigmy that individually he is? A feather to be tossed on the wind of circumstance, he turns to signs and omens from these powers to seek his destiny. Desiring victory in battle, he seeks for proof in horoscopes and prophecies and curious utterances of sibyls or mind-readers; wishful of the downfall of his enemy he gathers consolation from any stray scrap of evidence which may tend to reassure him of that end. Curious coincidences are found which lend colour to his desires, and are published as sober facts. The men on the battle-field, nerve-strung and overwrought, prone to set false values on any occurrence they cannot measure by the ordinary standards of life, are credited with seeing visions, with receiving ghostly warnings, and with the gift of foreseeing happenings which afterwards actually occur. The same phenomena have been known in all callings of life attended by acute physical danger—the sailor on his ship, the miner in the bowels of the earth, have many times received warnings of impending danger, much as the savage in the bush or the wild beast in the jungle at the mercy of an unseen enemy becomes aware of his presence before it is manifested.

In the past, in the times when peace and the ramifications of an elaborate civilisation have bred the feeling of security, these things have many times been investigated, been put on one side merely as "idle superstitions," or by the more scientific labelled as the working of a subconsciousness of which we have no knowledge in ordinary conditions of existence. Now, in a time of upheaval and stress, such as we are living through, tales of superstitious origin are published in serious journals as sober fact. Are we to take this as a first step towards a revival of interest in the supernatural, after the days of material belief in which we have been living? Scientists themselves have been asserting their increasing conviction in the fallibility of the laws they had regarded as inviolate. Once more imagination and personality and romance seem about to play a part in the ordering of our lives and the economy of Nature.

REVIEWS

The Future of the Seven Nations

The Pan-Angles. By SINCLAIR KENNEDY. (Longmans. 7s. 6d. net.)

MR. SINCLAIR KENNEDY'S descriptive sub-title of his book is "A Consideration of the Federation of the Seven English-Speaking Nations." In other words, he has devoted some 240 substantial pages to an attempt to prove that the British Empire and the United States of America must come together in one great world-embracing federation. Mr. Kennedy is a delightful theorist. Because several groups of British Colonies have, like the United States, succeeded in forming federal systems which work very well, securing alike liberty and strength, he deduces that the English-speaking peoples have a genius for federation which will ultimately re-unite America with the British Empire. He traces the development of the British race from Roman times in some very lucid and easily read chapters, and he dreams of a supreme effort towards the unity of the various offshoots from the parent stock. We can only commend his aspiration and dismiss it with the benevolent sympathy we should feel for the man who hopes some day to annex Saturn. Great Britain has talked of Imperial Federation for the last forty years; she seems little nearer its realisation to-day, though we all hope she is, than she was in the 'eighties, when everybody was enthusiastic in support of the idea and nobody took a single practical step towards its attainment. What are likely to be the chances of bringing not only Great Britain and her five daughter nations—Canada, Newfoundland, South Africa, Australia, and New Zealand—but the United States into a common federation, the salvation of all? Mr. Kennedy thinks there are three alternatives before the Pan-Angles: "the make-shift régime of Downing Street and the gambling uncertainties of arbitration boards, the jarring separation we have known in the past, the noble method of union which our race has evolved, tested, and in four separate nations adopted. By solving our international differences of opinion in a Federal Government we can husband our strength for self-defence as a united Power against other civilisations." According to him the obstacles to be overcome are not as great as those we have met and overcome already in local federations. His imagination carries him too far and too fast. One tiny obstacle which might upset all his calculations is the question—who would consent to be under-dog? Is it conceivable that Washington would ever agree to regard itself as a subordinate capital to London? If we want federation with the United States, we can probably have it on condition that we become "an adjunct" of the Republic: that is not quite the ambition of the average Briton. An alliance with America by all means; indeed, there should be no question about it; but federation opens up the realm of topsy-turveydom.

We cannot quite determine whether Mr. Kennedy misinterprets more British or American sentiment on this subject. All we know is that he has written a book as interesting for the most part as it is impracticable in its general conclusion. "The Pan-Angles" is a vain effort in racial piety.

Four Colour Books

Austria-Hungary. By G. E. MITTON. (A. and C. Black. 10s. net.)

France. By GORDON HOME. (A. and C. Black. 10s. net.)

California. Painted by SUTTON PALMER; described by MARY AUSTIN. (A. and C. Black. 18s. net.)

Aucassin and Nicolette. Translated by DULCIE LAWRENCE SMITH, with illustrations by EILEEN LAWRENCE SMITH. (Andrew Melrose. 14s. net.)

If we must look at pictures, let them be good. Messrs. Black's "colour" books are famous for their quality, and they have issued the volumes on "Austria-Hungary" and "France," each with 32 full-page illustrations, at a time when we are all especially interested in these countries. The historical chapters are valuable, and give an insight into the origins of the present conditions of each land, and the descriptions of the various cities and the salient features of the scenery are excellent. From Paris and Vienna to San Francisco is a far cry, but we have no doubt that "California," a larger book with the same number of fine full-page plates, will find its public. It is capitally written, and some of the pictures are startling in their effect of beauty and their realisation of vivid light. The three handsome new volumes will worthily rank with previous ones from the same house.

The lovely little idyll of "Aucassin and Nicolette" never palls. This new translation from the original old French is quite charming, and the illustrations in varied colour and in monochrome—we presume by the sister of the translator—are pleasing. Further than this we cannot go, for, to tell the truth, we hold the opinion that a delicate story such as this is best left to be visualised by the mind of the reader.

The Imperial Durbar

The Historical Record of the Imperial Visit to India, 1911. Compiled from the Official Records. (John Murray. 10s. 6d. net.)

FAR more serious excitements than that of the famous Durbar now occupy our minds, yet this magnificent volume comes at an opportune moment, for our thoughts have been strongly turned to India and her splendid wave of loyalty in the present crisis. This book is published for the Government of India, and forms a complete record of the Royal Visit. We suppose that every word officially spoken, every address and reply, every movement of the various people concerned, and the names of every person, native or English, who took even a small part in the celebrations, are here faithfully preserved; the result is extremely impressive and

significant. The illustrations, in colour and from photographs, and the illuminated head and tail pieces, which together number several hundred, are beyond praise; we have rarely been privileged to see a finer series; the various photographs of the hunting scenes are especially good. The whole book is evidently the product of immense care and labour, and all who inspect it will gain a higher idea of the vast value and importance of the Empire in the East which is even at this very moment sharing its ruler's trials, responsibilities, and triumphs.

Fiction

MR. HORACE A. VACHELL, to whom we are indebted for several entertaining novels, describes his latest story, "Spragge's Canyon" (Smith, Elder and Co., 6s.), as "a character study," and that it most certainly is. The various types he introduces to the reader are Californian to the backbone, and are admirably, though perhaps a trifle crudely, contrasted. George Spragge is the owner of a ranch in the canyon which bears his name, where he lives with his mother, Aunt Almiry, and his cousin Samanthly, a "jewel of a girl." These three are of the hardy country stock who are at home with nature, love the simple life, and are proud of their more or less humble surroundings. But discord is brought to this modern Arcadia by Hazel Goodrich, a town-bred miss with airs and graces which at first captivate the unsophisticated George. An adventure with rattlesnakes, however, arouses his duli wits, shows him where true happiness lies, and all ends well, especially as Hazel quickly consoles herself with Wilbur P. Stocker, the typical Yankee who is ever making things hum, or thinking he is.

There is a touch of true horror and of what has been termed "panic rapture" in "Ape's Face," by Marion Fox (John Lane, 6s.). The atmosphere of the downs pervades the story, and the characters concerned, with their blood-lust, are likely to haunt the reader's memory when darkness is setting in and quiet corners are rapidly filling with uncanny shadows. Miss Fox has conceived a story with an originality all its own, and she tells it well.

Old Man, Ikey, and Miss Wilks, and the Canadian wild in which they live are reintroduced to us by Mr. G. B. Burgin in "The Duke's Twins" (Hutchinson and Co., 6s.). They are still as humorous as ever, and we trust that we shall again have an opportunity of renewing their acquaintance.

The American novel which reaches our shores is generally informative and calculated to make the insular reader "sit up," once he has mastered the language in which it is written. "Old Wives for New," by David Graham Phillips (Appleton and Co., 6s.), is no exception to the rule. The publishers describe it as "an unusual novel," and we are disposed to agree. Married life which turns out a failure is the chief *motif*, but the story is far from humdrum. There are other thrilling incidents well worth reading.

To work a story to a fine climax, achieving partially good work on the way, is what Miss May Sinclair has accomplished in "The Three Sisters" (Hutchinson and Co. 6s.). It is not difficult to discern that it is Gwenda, the second sister, who has the author's sympathies. Mary, the eldest, a gentle, kind, and meek little person, like many of her kind, knows when to strike for her own ends, and for the furtherance of what she thinks will be her happiness. Alice, the youngest, a neurotic girl, is the least convincing of any of the characters, unless it be the vicar, their father, who is surely as far removed from a typical country parson as it is possible for a man to be. On Steven Rowcliffe, the doctor of the parish, all three sisters set their affections, and the book consists of the methods each of them employs to capture her prey. The scene very seldom shifts from the vicarage or Steven's study; there seem to be few villagers, Jim Greatorex, a farmer, and Essy, the maid, being the only two who have anything to do with the story. Jim's escapade with Essy and again with her mistress are incredible happenings. It is in the relationship between Gwenda and Steven that the interest centres: their love, their misunderstanding, their renunciation, and the final blow to Gwenda of Steven's indifference. For this alone the book is worth reading.

"Duke Jones" (Sidgwick and Jackson, 6s.), comes as a sequel to Miss Ethel Sidgwick's "A Lady of Leisure," published at the beginning of the year. The lady of leisure is now married, and it is with her and her household that the present story deals. Miss Sidgwick has let slip none of the charm, none of the careful unravelling, and the delicate tracery of events and characters which went to her previous work. Violet married still pursues her same beautiful way, fascinating her husband, and unconsciously drawing unto her the love and almost reverence of her friends and those who serve her. The reader feels that Mr. Shovell does not rise to the heights reached by Violet and her father, Sir Claud Ashwin, but he is a fine type of the true, steadfast Englishman, and his wife is patient, accepting his love and protection at their highest worth. Lady Ashwin, who figured so largely in the previous book, again makes her influence felt in her elusive, charming and selfish way, at one time nearly causing her daughter's death. In the character of this woman, perhaps more than in that of any other, Miss Sidgwick reveals her talent. One feels with Violet that her mother could not possibly be other than she is, and although on human grounds nothing but contempt can be felt for a creature who makes her husband's life a misery and plays like a vampire upon the sweet nature of her daughter, from an artistic point of view she is a distinct success. Her great beauty, her personal charm and her distinction carry her through ordeals any person possessed merely of ordinary conscientious feelings would shirk. Should Miss Sidgwick in a further book again depict a few more years from the life of her lady of leisure we are sure that her readers would heartily welcome the account.

"English Chicanery"

The English must be a constitutionally wicked and hopeless people. What Germany says to-day Barbary said in 1757. Among the curiosities unearthed by Mr. Edward Salmon in writing his "Life of Admiral Saunders" is a letter from Sidy Mahomet, Prince of Saffee, in which occurs this sentence: "I must tell you that I have observed of all the nations in Europe the English alone spin out their Negotiations and Treaties without ever coming to a final conclusion, and always find a back door for Delays and Chicanery." Germany and Barbary would agree!

Russia and the Future

Of the numerous pamphlets which have been published bearing on the war few are more likely to be useful than Sir Donald Mackenzie Wallace's on "Our Russian Ally" (Macmillan). It shows the progress Russia has made not only in her domestic affairs, but in the confidence of Great Britain. Sir Donald, who knows his Russia, sees no ground for fearing irreconcilable differences with Great Britain in the future. "Formerly our enemy" she is "now happily our ally."

Literature and the War

Mr. Arthur Waugh is well placed to gauge the effect of the war on Literature. In the *Fortnightly* for November he deals ably with some of the questions which a new virility will dispose of. Realism and animalism should be doomed: if they are, "there will be a good many fairly open-minded people in England who will reckon the innovation as not among the least of the indirect benefits brought home by war." In a righteous cause well maintained, "Poetry and the Arts are certain to achieve their vindication."

Old Favourites in a New Guise

Twenty additional volumes have been issued in Messrs. G. Bell and Sons' "Popular Library" series, at one shilling each, and the new selection contains most varied and interesting fare. Parts III and IV of Lane's "Arabian Nights," with index and glossary, are supplied; we find among more familiar favourites Keats' poems, chronologically arranged and edited with memoir by Lord Houghton; Dante's "Divine Comedy," Cary's translation, with an introduction by Marie-Louise Egerton Castle; More's "Utopia," with Roper's "Life"; Coleridge's "Lectures and Notes on Shakespeare and other English Poets"; Hawthorne's "Transformation"; and Washington Irving's "Bracebridge Hall." Students will be pleased to have Lessing's "Laokoon," Plutarch's "Lives" (Stewart and Long's translation, two volumes), Lucretius "On the Nature of Things" (Munro's translation, edited, with an introduction, by J. H. Duff); but literary readers will welcome most heartily the appearance of Fielding's "Amelia" and Smollett's "Roderick Random," each in two volumes of this handy edition. We have renewed with great pleasure our acquaintance with the impulsive Booth and his virtuous Amelia, have again dipped into the adventures of Random and his comrade Strap, and are quite sure that many readers will do likewise.

The Theatre

"Mameena"

THIS production by Mr. Oscar Asche, at the Globe Theatre, is a *tour de force* of broad and beautiful effects and of minute and telling detail. Some of the scenes of King Mpande's Kraal at Nodwengu, or of wide sky and rocks above the Tugela River, bring the wild side of the Zululand of yesterday into the centre of Shaftesbury Avenue with surprising suddenness. The people, the costumes, the atmosphere of barbaric life, are all convincingly if not precisely reproduced.

The story is taken from Sir Rider Haggard's well-known "Child of Storm," the history of a beautiful woman whose lovers fight for and against each other with aboriginal simplicity and courage and without our modern mechanical terrors. Miss Lily Brayton makes a very vivid heroine, strong, beautiful, bitter, tragic in all her moods, the sinister daughter of dark Fates, the predestined lure and enemy of man. As Mameena she plays with vital energy and sincerity, and holds the constant attention of the audience through the whole of the four long acts. Mr. Asche is splendidly at home as the violent, revengeful Saduka, who, powerful as he seems, is used as a stepping-stone by Mameena to the possible throne of Zululand. The intrigue of warriors about a woman is developed with lavish local colour, and each part, save one which shall be nameless, is played with a feeling for the period and the country that creates an extraordinary tension and interest. There are fifteen effective scenes. The most telling is the one in which the King, Mr. Hubert Carter, sits in bored grandeur before the headsmen of his tribe and listens to the passionate expressions of his two sons, Prince Umbuyazi, Mr. Frederic Warlock, and Prince Cetshwayo, Mr. George Treloar. Mr. Warlock is especially skilful in gaining his effects here; his make-up alone is a victory in that branch of stage art, and throughout the play he wins us with his strong grace, beauty of form and bearing. The weird performance of Mr. Grimwood as Likali, who magically traces out the sins of Mameena, adds greatly to this successful production. It will be remembered that long ago, on the first night of "Kismet," the aroma and romance of the Thousand Nights was subtly wafted into the theatre. Following this idea, perhaps, in "Mameena" the scent of a Zulu kraal penetrates the Globe from across the footlights. It is not the sublimated essence of roses or sweet gums with which Nodwengu supplies us; rather is it the heavy odour of taxidermy. That is the only unfortunate point in Mr. Oscar Asche's enormous undertaking.

EGAN MEW.

The directors of the Alliance Assurance Company have granted leave of absence to no less than 20 per cent. of their staff for service with the Forces, are paying their salaries during the war and will keep their places open for them.

"Academy" War Acrostics

IN the solving of the six War Acrostics, Anvil, Geomat, Kamsin, Ocol, Sajoth, and Wilbro have gained the full number of marks. They are therefore invited to solve the following

SPECIAL DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

To do

Anew!

- (a) Applied to sheep, likewise to certain shells.
- (b) A measure which refers to baths for Jews.
- (c) ! (And that is all, my friends, that this light tells.)
- (d) Allied to us, in need, in want! poor news!

E. N.

The order of the lights has to be discovered.

Answers should reach the offices of THE ACADEMY, Rolls House, Breems Buildings, E.C., by Tuesday next, November 10.

Solutions to No. 6 ("Europe—New Map") were received from Anvil, Bill, Chutney, Foncet, Geomat, Glenshee, Kamsin, Nelisha, Nemo, Ocol, Sadykins, Sajoth, Sutton, W. J. Tiltman, Morgan Watkins, Wilbro, Wrekin, and Zeta. We hope to give the conclusion of this "War Acrostic" Competition in our next issue.

In the Temple of Mammon

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Any of our readers who may be in doubt as regards their securities can obtain the opinion of our City Editor in the next issue of this journal. Each query must contain the name and address of the correspondent, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. Those correspondents who do not wish their names to appear must choose an initial or pseudonym. Letters to be addressed to the City Editor, 15, Copthall Avenue, London, E.C.

THE Government have at last come out with their scheme to help the Stock Exchange. Up to the present it has met with very few criticisms; this is probably due to the fact that it is a somewhat mild and unambitious proposal. The bulk of the loans made upon security to the Stock Exchange have been contracted with the clearing-house banks, and the scheme of the Government only touches these in so far as it confirms the statement made by the banks that they will not disturb these loans until one year after peace has been declared. In the case of lenders who are not clearing-house banks, the bank of England will advance 60 per cent. on the securities pawned, the value of the securities to be taken at that ruling end of July account. This will release a certain amount of money, especially amongst the country banks and small money-lenders. It is to be noted, however, that no one is released from liability, and if a loss is made it will fall upon the lender and the immediate borrower, not upon the Bank of England. Also it is important to observe that the Bank of England has the power to refuse loans.

The whole arrangement is infinitely better than the suggestion that the Government should guarantee the whole open account on the Stock Exchange. As I have continually pointed out, this would have made the British public "bulls" of securities that could not under any circumstances show a profit. Under the new scheme I do not see how the taxpayer will be called upon to meet any loss. The Stock Exchange is quite pleased with the suggested help, and thinks that by its means a good deal of money will be released.

Stockbrokers now know exactly where they are. There is no longer any uncertainty as to whether the banks will

call in their loans, and those who are not dealing with the big Joint Stock Banks know that they can go to the Bank of England for at least 60 per cent. of the loan made. It is a great thing to have something settled. A broker who has a million borrowed on securities was protected by the moratorium, but he certainly did not feel quite sure of his position after the fifth of November. He now knows exactly how much time he has got, and that he cannot be called upon to pay back the money, at any rate as long as the war lasts, and for a year afterwards.

It is probable that the Government will also come to the aid of traders whose money is locked up in Germany or elsewhere on the Continent on open account. Those traders who had bills took them to the Bank of England and got them discounted in full. It is said that traders who only have an open account will not be able to get an advance of more than 60 per cent. This seems a ridiculous anomaly; but there is of course less security than in the case of a bill. Accounts can be disputed; bills are hardly things that a firm cares to dishonour.

More issues of Treasury Bills have been made, and this appears to postpone the definite war loan which has been talked about for so long. It is a great pity that the Government should continue to borrow on short-dated bills, and if the war lasts it is certain to get us into serious trouble. From what I hear I am afraid that Government officials have got it firmly into their heads that the war will be over this spring. Everyone hopes that these officials are not too sanguine. We have, however, had bitter experience of the optimism of Government Departments. It is very easy to be an optimist if your office hours are from eleven till four, your salary is a thousand a year, and your work is confined to placing your initial on half a dozen sheets of foolscap per day. The Government official lives in a world of ease. He knows that whatever happens he

is bound to be retired on a pension just in the prime of life; he knows also that the less work he does the more certain is he not to tread on the corns of his superiors and the more rapid will be his promotion. Our Civil Service breeds optimists all the time.

There is a curious idea prevalent at the Treasury that the Government will be able to get through the war on Treasury Bills and currency notes, and that it can float the loan when peace is declared. Up to the present it has only issued about 31½ millions of currency notes, but it intends to issue another 70 millions at the very minimum. This is, of course, forcing a paper currency on the people. The drawback is that no one benefits except the Government. When the war broke out Germany mobilised the whole of her wealth, and I suggested that Great Britain should follow her example and mobilise at any rate such wealth as was locked up in Trustee securities up to 50 per cent. of their face value. This would have benefited holders of these securities, who would have been able to finance trade and lend their money to people who were less well off than themselves. It was certainly a much better scheme than forcing a paper currency on the nation out of which the Government alone would benefit.

Rubber shares have been a shade harder, but there is no business. Sumatra Para now has 3,136 acres planted which produced 415,989 lbs., which cost 1s. 3.73d. and sold at 2s. 8.45d. The profit was £32,390 and 25 per cent. dividend is paid. I am sorry to hear that Mr. Keith Arbuthnot is dead. He was one of the boldest of our rubber men, and at one time must have made a very large sum of money. He had a big holding in Sumatra Para, which he sold to the Arbuthnot Trust almost at the top of the market. Armament shares continue to attract the most attention. The big Sheffield houses are declaring that they make very little profit out of the Government contracts. We must accept this statement with a grain of salt, and wait for the annual reports. Certainly Armstrongs at 39s. look cheap, and Vickers are now actually only 35s. Neither of these meets with favour from the investing public, which runs after Birmingham Small Arms and Kynoch; the latter is now quoted 13½ or more than double the price it was before the war broke out. All of them are admirable purchases. Nitrate shares are very flat; the Liverpool Nitrate reduces its dividend to 5s. and tells us that the war has suspended the production. The Colorado, which is in the same group, but is not such a fine company, has also shut down its works. Nevertheless it pays a dividend of 5s. Germany is the biggest importer of nitrate, and it is clear that holders of all nitrate shares would do well to get out if they can.

RAYMOND RADCLIFFE.

CORRESPONDENCE

BRITISH CITIZENSHIP.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—On Monday next Parliament is to meet, and as proposals are in the murky air surrounding a section of the Press for legislation with the object of robbing the many thousands of British citizens who once belonged to other nations of the liberties assured to them by the Naturalisation Papers given to them by His Majesty's Government, it behoves us to be on our guard.

We are at war in defence of International Law and for very shame must see that in our own country the laws are not mute amid this clash of arms. Mr. J. Rochford Maguire has put the case so well in the *Times* that I have

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obtained his permission to reprint the communication in full, as follows:—

At a time when it is so important that all British subjects should stand together, it seems unfortunate that a wedge of discord should be driven in by proposing exceptional treatment of a certain class. I refer to proposed legislation affecting naturalised British subjects of German birth.

On the policy and justice of such legislation I should like to say a word.

There are in the United Kingdom about 6,000 naturalised Germans. I believe their average age is high, because the numbers naturalised have been falling off of late years. As a consequence the greater proportion of these persons are British subjects of long standing, and their position is well known to their neighbours. Granted that among them there are some untrue to England, it would seem that the suspicious ones could adequately be dealt with as individuals who, moreover, if guilty, are traitors, not enemies.

In your issue of the 23rd inst. you say:—"A naturalised foreigner is, technically, not a foreigner at all." Is this "technically" quite fair?

Under the Naturalisation Act of 1870, a certificate of naturalisation can only be obtained after five years' residence, and after the Home Office is satisfied as to character, but when given it is irrevocable, and carries with it all the rights and obligations of a British subject within the United Kingdom. These rights are conferred by statute, as are the obligations imposed, but they are none the less real.

Lord Palmerston, when extending the protection of England to a Jew born in Gibraltar and residing in Greece, said:—"A British subject, in whatever land he may be, shall feel confident that the watchful eye and the strong arm of England will protect him against injustice and wrong." I believe that the people of England will not afford less protection to those living in their midst whose allegiance has been freely given and as freely accepted, and that they will not expose these citizens to the injustice and the wrong of exceptional, and therefore odious, legislation.

The resignation of Prince Louis of Battenberg should warn us how serious this question has become. As Lord Selborne truly says, this "is nothing less than a national

humiliation"; while Admiral Lord John Hay just as truly writes:—

It has often been said that the public is a "hass," but I am not always so sure of that; any way, in this case the British public has been got at. Awful to contemplate, Britannia is having her leg pulled! But whence the source of these indefinite mutterings? Obviously it is German—and it has been well done, because a fabric has been raised that has not an iota of foundation. What proofs are the Battenberg family to afford to satisfy the country of their loyalty? The brother of Prince Louis died in the war of West Africa, and now his nephew, Prince Maurice, has been killed in fighting the battles of Great Britain. It seems to me that it is time for the British public to put down its foot and effectually smother these aspersions on the character and conduct of one of the ablest servants of the Crown.

A section of the Press has indeed been "got at," but until it happens we cannot believe that those who advocate the tearing up of British Naturalisation Papers will find a spokesman in either House of Parliament. I am, yours faithfully,

MARK H. JUDGE.

7, Pall Mall, Nov. 2, 1914.

ALBANIA.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—We are told that the present war is being waged in defence of small nations, and a powerful appeal has been issued by ecclesiastics and politicians asking our help for Servia. Now, no one wants to check the flow of charity towards Servia, for though she is regicide, and, politically, profoundly immoral, she is an extraordinarily plucky little State, but we must not forget that Albania is also deserving of our sympathy.

For the last two years Albania has endured ten times the sufferings of Belgium, and to-day there are scores of thousands of her inhabitants without shelter and without food, dying of want and disease, and yet nobody cares, since large numbers of her population have the misfortune to hold a non-Christian creed and are therefore regarded as outside the pale of charity.

I am hoping to be able to induce Miss Durham, or some other authority on the Balkan question, to address a meeting at an early date, and trust that some of your readers may be disposed to help?

I am not sure whether you will care to find room for this

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appeal, but if THE ACADEMY chooses to "shut the gates of mercy on mankind," I know not who else will try to keep them open. Yours faithfully,

C. F. RYDER.

Thurlow Hall, Suffolk, Nov. 1, 1914.

"HOCH DER KAISER."

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—In the October number of the *North American Review* Mr. William Dean Howells has a biting satire on the attitude of the German Emperor as expressed in his public utterances during the present war. What use for the Allies to pray? asks Mr. Howells, when the Emperor alone has the right to pray, alone knows the Almighty's will. "Who, indeed," he concludes, "always excepting the German Emperor, may declare what dwells in the will of the Almighty, or what His purpose is? Will He continue His brilliant support of the Crown Prince, or will He lift up His countenance and make it shine upon the people who have, humanly speaking, been cruelly outraged in all that is dear to civilised men? . . . No one except the Kaiser may guess at the unfathomable counsels of the Ancient of Days."

This conception of the Kaiser has long been a subject for ridicule in the United States, and is perhaps best expressed in a burlesque poem, "Hoch der Kaiser," which is just now again coming into tremendous popularity in America. The poem was written in 1897 for the *Montreal News* by a Scotchman, A. M. R. Gordon, and was inspired by the Emperor's speech on the divine right of kings and his own mission on the earth. Its vogue in the United States came about through the U.S. Navy, all the members of which were irritated by slights received in various parts of the oceans, and particularly by the unwarranted interference of a German warship during the bombardment of Manila. Shortly after the fall of Manila, Captain Coghlan, U.S.N., recited the poem at a dinner in the Union League Club of New York City. The incident was reported in the papers, and Captain Coghlan was of course reprimanded by the Federal authorities, but the poem was on every tongue. It runs thus:—

"Der Kaiser" of dis Vaterland
Und Gott on high all dings command,
Ve two—Ach! Don't you understand?
Myself—und Gott.

He reigns in Heafen and always shall,
Und mein own Embire once was schmall.
Ein noble bair I dinks you call
Myself und Gott.

Vile some men sing der power Divine,
Mein soldiers sing "Der Wacht am Rhein,"
Und drink der health in Rhenish wine
Of me—und Gott.

Dere's France, she swaggers all aroundt,
She's augespielt.
To much we think she don't amount;
Myself—und Gott.

She vill not dare to fight again,
But if she shouldt, I'll show her blain
Dat Elsass und (in French) Lorraine
Are mein (by Gott!)

Here follow four stanzas, not generally quoted, dealing with the fall of Bismarck and Caprivi.

Dere's grandma dinks she is nicht small beer,
Mit Boers und such she interfere.
She'll learn none owns dis hemisphere
But me—und Gott;

She dinks, good Frau, some ships she's got,
Und soldiers mit der scarlet goat,
Ach! we could could knock them!

Pouf! Like that,
Myself—mit Gott.

In dimes of peace brebare for wars,
I bear the spear und helm of Mars,
Und care not for den thousand Czars,
Myself—mit Gott!

In fact, I humor efry whim,
With aspect dark and visage grim;
Gott pulls mit me, und I mit him,
Myself—und Gott.

I am, yours truly, HYDER E. ROLLINS.
Baltimore, Maryland, October, 1914.

A QUERY.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—I have noticed that a query in THE ACADEMY as to literary matters generally brings a satisfactory reply. Can any of your readers assist me to trace the author of the following lines, which I came across in a mutilated condition a few days ago?

So to the Lord of the embattled host,
Not unto us, praise and thanksgiving be,
Who made this Isle viceregent of the Sea
And spread its empery from coast to coast. . .

It occurs to me that the rest of this poem, whoever wrote it, must be of especial interest just now. I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

MERTON DENSHER.

London, November 1, 1914.

BOOKS RECEIVED

FICTION.

- The Secret of the Reef.* By Harold Bindloss. (Ward, Lock and Co. 6s.)
See-Saw. By G. B. Stern. (Hutchinson and Co. 6s.)
The Three Sisters. By May Sinclair. (Hutchinson and Co. 6s.)
The Wisdom of Father Brown. By G. K. Chesterton. (Cassell and Co. 6s.)
Blindstone. By R. A. Foster-Melliard. (Hurst and Blackett. 6s.)
Tony Bellew. By Margaret Petersen. (Melrose. 6s.)
A Strange Craft. By John A. Higginson. (S.P.C.K. 2s.)

POETRY.

- Dramas and Poems.* By Maurice R. Keesing. (Elliot Stock. 6s. net.)
Love Songs. By Norah Graham. (Chapman and Hall. 2s. 6d. net.)
Poems of Calm and Stress. By T. F. Lewis. (Charles H. Kelly. 1s. net.)
The Horns of Chance. By Margaret Chanler Aldrich. (Elkin Mathews. 2s. 6d. net.)
Thoroughfares. By Wilfrid Wilson Gibson. (Elkin Mathews. 2s. 6d. net.)

MISCELLANEOUS.

- Dreams.* By Henri Bergson. Translated by Edwin E. Slosson. (T. Fisher Unwin. 2s. 6d. net.)
Autobiography of Maharshi Devendranath Tagore. (Macmillan. 7s. 6d. net.)
The Divine Brethren. By H. S. Grey. (Illustrated. Macmillan. 3s. 6d. net.)
Henri Bergson: an Account of his Life and Philosophy. By Algot Ruhe and Nancy Margaret Paul. (Macmillan. 5s. net.)

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THE British Red Cross Society has recently made an urgent appeal for a large number of motor ambulances. We have decided to inaugurate an "ACADEMY" Fund for the purchase of one of the Napier Red Cross Motor Ambulances, similar to those now being regularly supplied in large quantities to the British and Allied Governments. The cost of these ambulances, completely equipped for service in the field, is £625, and towards this we have received promises amounting to over £100, which will be subscribed conditionally on the balance, £525, being subscribed by the "ACADEMY" readers. May we hope that our readers will help by making the appeal known to their friends? Will they undertake to collect amounts, however small, sixpence or more, and to send whatever they succeed in raising to us?

This is a fine opportunity for young people who would do something to alleviate the sufferings and the misery of the wounded. Boys and girls should take the form printed below, and invite subscriptions towards one of the most beneficial objects on account of which money can be given. A few hundred energetic canvassers could secure the £525 in a few days. Sixpences, shillings and half-crowns soon mount up. The car would be an appropriate Christmas gift to the Red Cross Society. We cannot doubt that readers will help, and to assist them we will forward the "ACADEMY" with the collecting form to any one who will lend a hand, on receipt of a post-card. Meantime, all contributions from twenty-four farthings to twenty-five pounds will be gratefully received and acknowledged.



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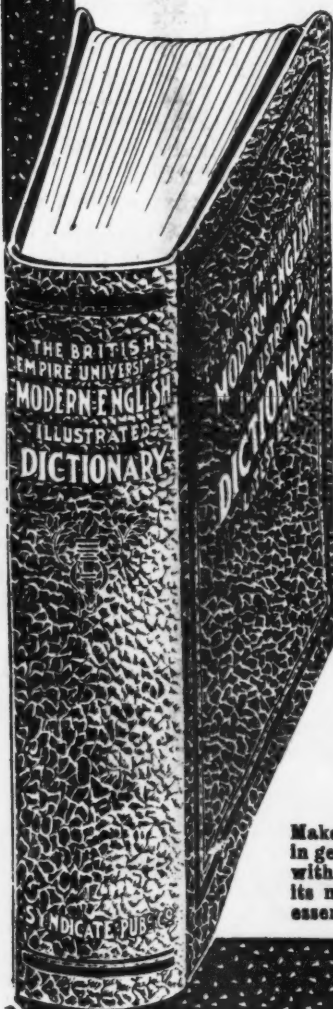
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FOOTBALL.—Rugby.—J. R. Raphael, Old Oxford "Blue"; English International

(1901-1902); Captain of English XV in the Argentine (1910); Ex-Captain of "Old Merchant Taylors" XV.

FOOTBALL.—Association.—W. L. Timmis, Secretary of the Corinthian Football Club.

GOLF.—James Braid, Open Champion (1901-5-6-8-10).

MOTORING.—H. Walter Stamer, Editor of "The Autocar."

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